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FACE YOUR TROUBLE.

Alas keep your eye on trouble.
Look it squarely in the face.
Dodge it, blink it, sear it double.
Aggravates the mildest case.
Cure a sort of moonlight giant.
To the timid face and tall.
Meet it open-eyed, defiant.
It will fade or dwindle small.

Day's too open to be nervous.
Night's too short for seeing ghosts.
Life's at best a field of service.
And there's safety at our posts.
Don't set down and groan and whine.
Shout! dragons with your knife—
Trouble's bands, I say, are brittle.
If we make the most of life.

Thistle-down blows past the gentian.
It doesn't think it is a spee.
And it pays no fool attention.
Trusts nature day and night.
Size of troubles, and their number.
Much depends on how one looks—
If we're lost in daytime slumber.
Why, of course we see some spoons.

Lions' conquer beasts that bellow.
But from insect pests they fly.
And perhaps the Heavenly Father
Sees they're wise as you and I.
Urchin look in the bubble.
Which would sink beneath its breath—
Let us not look at trouble
Till it worries us to death!

IN CUPID'S NET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"DORA THORN"

CHAPTER X.

In the first flush, of pride my thoughts flew to Mrs. Sale and Miss Sale, the two women who had interfered with the only pleasure I had in life by preventing me from singing in the church. What would they say when they heard that the girl they had snubbed and scorned was the heiress of Heron's Nest?

And Lady Caryl, who had resented my presence, what would she think—she, who had been so coldly contemptuous, who had ordered me to leave the place because one of her visitors had seen me? What would she say when she knew the house belonged to the despised dependent? I rehearsed the scene. I pictured her face when she heard that I was the squire's daughter, and my heart beat almost madly with fierce angry pride, for I had been made to suffer so severely.

Ah, Lady Caryl, you will be sorry now for your scorn and your contempt! You will wish that you had treated me better, that you had been more gently, more kindly.

Then the tears fell fast and warm down my face and my heart softened with gratitude; the fierce exultant pride seemed to die. Ah! fair and beautiful Christmas Star, was this indeed the place to which your light had brought me? Then the bare walls of the lumber room faded, and I saw instead the green postern-gate, covered with ivy and holding the white snow in its green leaves. I saw the blue night sky, and the Christmas star shining brightly, and framed by the green ivy leaves, the face that was as the sun of my life. Oh, my love with the bonny blue eyes, had I once for a moment forgotten you?

Suddenly a chill came over me as the thought flashed across my mind, "My gain would be his loss! If Heron's Nest came to me he must lose it. If all the squire's money and lands became mine, he must be the poorer for it. I was actually stepping into his place, taking from him that of which I knew him to be unspokeably proud. I who loved him was about to deprive him of a fortune. I who almost worshipped him was going to enrich myself at his expense. He had been so proud to call himself Caryl of Heron's Nest, and now he would be able to do so no longer.

And I loved him. Only two days since I had looked at his portrait, and had wished to be able to do something to show my gratitude for his kindness. I had said to myself then that I would give my life for him, and had longed for an opportunity to prove my affection. Here was one! If I loved him better than wealth, better than life, better than anything in

this world, now was the time to show it. Let me destroy these papers, the only evidence of the truth—destroy them and let everything go on as before. My own self respect was secured, and I knew that I was the squire's daughter, and the knowledge of that fact must always support and comfort me.

If I loved him how could I take this fortune from him, now that it was in my power to make perhaps as great a sacrifice as any woman had ever made for a man, the greater because it would be completely concealed, and no one would ever know of it!

I would take the papers and destroy them. They should never know, either mother or son, what I had done for them. I gathered the papers quickly together and wrapped them in my little muslin apron; then I opened the door and went swiftly down the staircase. At the foot I saw Lady Caryl, evidently just on the point of coming up to me.

We looked each other steadily in the face. In her eyes there were anger, irritation, and curiosity; in mine—I felt it—there was power. For the first time we met as social equals; but I must not say so. Then she glanced at the white bundle in my arms.

"What have you been doing upstairs?" she asked. "I sent for you some time since, and was told that you had been in the lumber-rooms all the afternoon. What have you been doing? I do not know what may be there, and I do not like any person to go prying about the house as you have done."

I looked at her in wonder. It was of my house she was speaking, the house and all it contained were mine, not hers; but for Sir Adrain's sake I must not proclaim it. I saw that her anger was at a white heat. In all probability Lady Aditha had been speaking of me again, and irritating her against me.

"What have you been doing in those rooms?" she asked. "I went first to look for my box, since your ladyship has decided to send me from the only home I have in the world. I could not find it; but I have been looking over the contents of the room."

"An exceedingly impertinent thing! You had no right to do anything of the kind," she said. "What would she say?" I thought, "if she knew what I had found there—if she knew what I had wrapped in apparently careless fashion in my apron? What a fall her pride would have! And I could not prevent the exultation I felt from showing itself in my eyes. She saw it, and grew even more curious.

"What have you there?" she demanded. "I decline to tell you, Lady Caryl," I answered firmly. "It is something that belongs not to you but to myself."

"You have taken it from those rooms!" she cried.

"I have; but it is my own," I returned calmly.

"Nothing here is your own," she said hotly, her face growing pale with anger; "everything belongs to me. You have no right to carry from this house a single thing without my permission."

Involuntarily my hands closed round my white apron and its contents. I knew that I was going to destroy the papers; but for those few minutes I felt proud of the knowledge that I was mistress of the house and all it contained.

"Will you let me pass, Lady Caryl?" I said.

"No!" she exclaimed; "you shall not pass until I know what you have there wrapped up in your apron."

to make the sacrifice for my lover's sake.

"I have no wish to threaten or to use violence," her ladyship went on more calmly; "but I will see what you have there. If you refuse to show me, I shall send for the butler and one of the footmen and they shall take it from you."

Of course she could do that, and in the hands of two strong men I should be powerless. They would take the documents from me in an instant, and then—Ah, my love with the bonny blue eyes, that should never be—I closed the little parcel more tightly.

"Lady Caryl," I implored, "be just to me, I swear to you that what I have here belongs to me, and no one else. Please let me pass and go free. I will leave the house and never return."

But she would not listen to my appeal. I saw that she was debating in her mind whether she would take my parcel from me by force or not, but evidently her sense of propriety conquered.

"I must and will see what you are secreting there," she said, knitting her brows. "Choose at once. I shall either call the men or you must give to me of your own free will what you have hidden there."

"That I will never do," I returned resolutely.

"Come down to my room," said Lady Caryl peremptorily. "I do not see why I should stand in this draught. Go before me to my boudoir."

And I obeyed her. Ah, what would she have said had she known what I carried in my apron!

We went into the boudoir, and then she closed the door.

"Put what you have in your hands upon the table," she commanded.

"I intend to see what it is," she said firmly.

"And I as firmly declared she should not."

Was it a good or evil spirit that led Sir Adrain to the door just at that moment?

"Can I speak to you, mother?" he asked. "I will not detain you long."

"Come in," she answered. "I am glad to see you, Adrain." He looked with wonder from her to me and then at the white bundle in my arms.

"What is it?" he asked hurriedly; "what is the matter with you and Gracia, mother?"

"Adrain," said Lady Caryl, "I shall be glad if you will support my authority. I have made arrangements for Gracia to go to Miss Kenyon's at Heronsdale. For many reasons I do not think it advisable that she should remain here. Lady Aditha has been speaking to me about it; and she is of the same opinion."

To my great surprise he muttered something about Lady Aditha that was not complimentary.

"I told Gracia to-day," her ladyship went on, "that I wished her to pack up and go. Under the pretext of seeking for a box, she has spent the whole of this afternoon in the lumber rooms, and it seems to me that she has taken what she liked from them."

Ah, thank Heaven, his face flashed with anger at the cruel words! Then his eyes were turned with infinite tenderness of me.

"Mother, you cannot possibly know what you are saying he cried.

"I do," she returned stiffly. "Gracia has spent the afternoon in those rooms, and I met her stealing down the staircase with the bundle in her arms. I want to know what it contains. She refuses to tell me; and, as she persists in her refusal, I have brought her here, and shall compel her to let me see what she is carrying with her."

If she knew—if she only knew. "Mother, I am surprised at you," he cried indignantly. "I can hardly believe that you can say such cruel things. I would trust Gracia with my life."

Then I found my voice. "Sir Adrain," I said, "I assure you that what I have here is my own, entirely my own, and belongs to no one else."

"And I, Adrain," said Lady Caryl, "call upon you to help me to assert my authority, and to force that rebellious girl to obey me, and tell me what she is carrying from that room."

"My son!" appealed Lady Caryl.

He looked from one to the other in great distress, at loss what to say, indignant for my sake, yet his respect for his mother preventing him from uttering one word that would offend her.

"Gracia," he said at last, "I am quite sure that what you have there is your own. I do not doubt your word; but could you not, as my mother wishes it, tell her what you have in your apron?"

It was hard to have to refuse his request, but I must do it to save him.

"I am so very sorry," I replied; "but indeed I cannot, Sir Adrain." "You see, Adrain," observed her ladyship, "that she will not and dare not."

"He looked deeply grieved, but turned to Lady Caryl.

"Mother," he said, "I had almost forgotten what I came for. The Duchess of Morley, your old schoolfellow, is here. She has but a few hours to stay, and she wishes to see you."

"The Duchess of Morley!" repeated Lady Caryl hurriedly. "I am delighted. But what shall I do with Gracia? I am quite determined that she shall not conquer me. I will see what she has there."

"Let me settle that for a time," he rejoined. "Gracia, you trust me, do you not? Let me take charge of that."

My heart gave a great bound. How could I say "yes"? How could I say "no"?

He turned to a little cabinet that stood near.

"Give it to me, Gracia," he said; "I will lock it up here until we have time to go into the matter."

It was a moment of terrible suspense to me.

"Will you promise me," I asked, "that no hands shall touch it—not even your own—and that no one shall see it?"

"I promise," he said gravely. "You will give it back to me unopened and untouched?"

"Yes," he replied.

I fastened my white apron more tightly round the little parcel, tied the ribbon-strings into the closest knots, and then handed it to him.

He placed the parcel in the cabinet, locked it and gave me the key.

"That is to prove how I trust you," he said earnestly. "Do not remove that parcel, Gracia, until you have made some arrangements with my mother. I trust you. Now, mother," he said, turning to her ladyship, "come and see the duchess. She will be impatient; and to-night or to-morrow we can settle this unpleasant business," and he kissed her.

"You will not oppose my wish, Adrain, that Gracia shall leave the house at once?" said Lady Caryl.

"Dearest mother, we will see to that to-morrow, when everything shall be peacefully and happily arranged. Now smile and look bright, or the duchess will think you are not happy."

"You are a good son to me, Adrain," she said gently; "you never vex me."

And then—Heaven bless him! he came over to me. He took my hands in his, not heeding his mother's presence.

"I am so sorry, Gracia. There is some mistake, my dear. I will see it rectified."

And then Lady Caryl, taking her son's arm, quitted the room.

They left me standing there, with the key of the bull cabinet in my hands. I remained motionless for a few moments, then went to my own room, feeling bewildered, and as if I was in a dream.

I could hear, after a time, the sound of the piano; and I knew that Lady Aditha was singing, and felt that Sir Adrain was standing by her side, as he never would again stand by mine.

It seemed to me the very irony of fate. I was the squire's daughter and heiress; this was my own house. If those below knew who I really was, even the duchess herself would have been pleased to see me, and would have congratulated me. But the sacrifice was for Sir Adrain, and I would have sacrificed more for him. What pleasure would money or lands give me if I knew I was robbing him of either?

I would go on the morrow, but not to Miss Kenyon's. I would make my way in the world, pass out of their lives, and some day in the long years to come I would creep back just once to Heron's Nest, and look at them all again, unseen myself, look at Sir Adrain, with the handsome face and bonny blue eyes—my love, whom I should love until I died—look at his beautiful young wife and his stately mother; then—

But here I found myself with the tears raining down my face. Was it for this I had followed the light of the star to the postern-gate?

After a time I grew uneasy. I knew that Sir Adrain was the soul of honor, and that I had the key of the bull cabinet; but what if by any accident those papers should be seen? It would be easy for me to give up the comfort and luxury of the grand old mansion; but I could not bear the thought of his doing so. Yet if he had had the faintest notion of what it contained, I knew he would see justice done.

The more I dwelt on the idea of my sacrifice the better it pleased me. Now indeed I could give a proof of my love, although it was known only to Heaven. Now it was not merely a phantom love that I could see in my own mind, here was tangible proof of how dearly I loved him. What greater sacrifice could a woman make?

But I must have the papers, whether it was dishonorable or not. He trusted me; but I must break his trust, and let him think what he would. I must get those documents and destroy them, come what might. How was it to be done? Lady Caryl spent a great deal of her time in her own room, but when darkness set in, and while she was in the drawing room listening to Lady Aditha's singing, I might steal into the boudoir and take them away. Then, when I had made away with them, I would go to Sir Adrain and tell him that I had betrayed his trust, that the packet was gone, and give him back the key.

But the night would not grow dark, the harvest moon shone brightly, and a lovely subdued light lighted the sky. My very pulse thrilled with impatience. What if Lady Caryl should be seized with a sudden caprice to see for herself what the papers contained? My plan of self-sacrifice would be vain then. Ah, no, my love—I would rather be buried alive with the packet in my arms!

I listened with my heart throbbing painfully, on the grand staircase, where stood a marble statue of the goddess Flora with a basket of roses at her feet. There was no sound, except of music from the drawing room, where Lady Aditha was singing. The servants seemed to be all in their own part of the house; there was no one to see or to hear. The moonlight streamed through the windows of the hall, and lay in great white patches on the staircase; it silvered the roses at the goddess's feet, and by its light I crept slowly, quietly down stairs, thinking as I went of the night when I had

followed the light of the Christmas star.

I reached Lady Caryl's boudoir. There was no light, except that of the moon, which fell across the bull cabinet. With a quickly beating heart I unlocked the door. In silence I took them away.

What should I do with the precious packet? It must be destroyed; but it was not an easy thing to do. Even if I tore the letters into shreds, the e would still be the remains.

There was no fire in any of the rooms to which I had access; I could not go to the kitchen. A sudden idea came to me. I would take the package just as it was, fasten a heavy stone to it, and throw it into the depths of the river Dale.

The idea delighted me. I wrapped a shawl round my head and shoulders, and holding the packet tightly in my hand, went out. As I passed the door of the large conservatory, I saw by the light of the moon the shadow of a man's figure; but he did not appear to see me as I hastened along.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Callionte, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with LaGrippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at B. F. Henry Drug Store.

Soiled and faded garments can be made to look like new with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Anyone can dye with them. All you have to do is to add the dye to the water, boil the goods one hour, dry and press. 10c per package. Sold by B. F. Henry, J. I. Fowler, Fout & McChesney druggists.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of Nancy Fronabarger, deceased, late of Adair County, Mo., have been granted to the undersigned John Lewis by the Probate Court of the County of Adair, bearing date the 14th day of December, 1895. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claim be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.

JOHN LEWIS, Administrator.

In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has a most marvelous effect. Thousands of lives are saved annually by the use of this medicine. It frees the obstructed air-passages, allays inflammation, and controls the desire to cough.

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Sheriff's Sale.

Action on school bond, Adair county vs Henrietta F. and Milton J. Holliday. Whereas, on the 26th day of December 1895, Henrietta F. Holliday and Milton J. Holliday made, executed and delivered their bond to Adair county, to the use and benefit of the school fund of said county, and to secure the payment of the sum of money mentioned in said bond, Henrietta F. Holliday and Milton J. Holliday made, executed and delivered the mortgage deed to Adair county, containing power of sale of the following described real estate in Adair county, Mo., to-wit:

All of the south east quarter of the south west quarter of section No. twenty-nine, 29, also the south east quarter of the northwest quarter and 1/4 acres the north half and the southeast fourth of the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section No. thirty-two, 32, all in township No. sixty-one, 61, Range No. seventeen, 17.

Now therefore, by virtue and authority of a fieri facias issued from the office of the clerk of the Adair county court to me directed and delivered, dated November 29, 1895, I have levied upon and will sell at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand before the court house door in the city of Kirksville, while the Circuit court for said county of Adair is in session, on Thursday, January 10th, 1896, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. of that day, the real estate above described, to satisfy said fieri facias and costs.

Given W. M. RUPPE, Sheriff of Adair County, Mo.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue and authority of a General execution on a judgment issued from the office of the clerk of the circuit court of Adair county, Missouri, returnable at the January term 1896, of said court to me directed in favor of Calvin G. Cornell and against Leroy Spangler and Christian Spangler, I have levied upon and seized all the right, title, interest, and estate of the said Leroy Spangler and Christian Spangler, in and to the following described real estate, situated in Adair county, Missouri, to-wit:

That part of the west half of the south east quarter of section No. twenty-nine, 29, in township No. sixty-two, 62, of range No. sixteen, 16, lying north of the right of way of the O. & N. and Kansas City Railroad and south of said section No. 29, the northeast quarter of section No. 17, seventeen in township No. sixty-two, 62, of range No. sixteen, 16, and I will, on

THURSDAY, THE 10th DAY OF JANUARY, 1896, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. of that day, while the circuit court for Adair county, Missouri is in session at the court house door in Kirksville, Adair county, Missouri, sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, subject to all prior liens and judgments, to satisfy said execution and costs.

GEO. W. RUPPE, Sheriff Adair Co., Mo.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Whereas, Calvin G. Ward and Melvina O. Ward his wife, by their certain deed of trust dated the 10th day of January, 1895, and recorded in the recorder's office of Adair county at trust deed book Y, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all his right, title, interest, and estate in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Adair, state of Missouri, to-wit:

The northeast fourth of the southeast quarter of section No. 14, township No. 20, 20, range No. 18, 18, which said real estate was made to secure the payment of two certain promissory notes in said deed described and whereas the said notes have become due and unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with said deed of trust, and at the request of the legal holder of said notes, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at public sale in the town of Kirksville, in the county of Adair, state of Missouri, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, on

FRIDAY THE 10th DAY OF JANUARY 1896, between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, at the court house together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

Dated the 20 day of December 1895.

JOS. M. IVIE, Trustee.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon the estate of Grant Rigdon, deceased, late of Adair county, Mo., have been granted to the undersigned Catherine Lackey by the Probate court of the county of Adair, bearing date the 20th day of November 1895. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claim be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.

CATHERINE LACKEY.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon the estate of Grant Rigdon, deceased, late of Adair county, Mo., have been granted to the undersigned Barton Ridgdon by the Probate court of the county of Adair, bearing date the 20th day of November 1895. All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within one year after the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if such claim be not exhibited within two years from the time of the publication of this notice they will be forever barred.

BARTON RIDGDON.

A. P. WILLARD,

Physician and Surgeon,

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